

VOL. LX. No. 1541.

PUCK BUILDING. New York. September 12. 1906.  
Copyright, 1906, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

PRICE TEN CENTS

*"What Fools these Mortals be!"*

# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter



MONEY TALKS.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN  
Publishers and Proprietors  
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK  
No. 1541. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1906  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance

## "Wat Fules Thez Mortls B!"

DON'T shute the kumpozitur. He'z duing the best he kan.

SEKRETARY RUT mad a vizit tu Valparizo, but thar wuz reely nuthing he kud du for it.

WE R SORRI 4 Brian in wun respekt. Wen he gets tu b prezident, it wil b hard 4 him tu hold a navl parad at Fairvu Farm.

THE KUNTRE iz eger tu lern if Mistr Brian iz in favr of the government ownership of spelling books.

THE KIZER sez he iz tu bizi tu vizit Amerika, much az he wud lik tu. Mister Ruzvelt iz tu bizi tu vizit Germani. And thar u r!

WAWLTER WELMAN, the Pol Dasher, iz dashing South, shedding eermufs and xtra soks az he kums. This wil surpriz nobodi xsept the personz hu put up the moni.

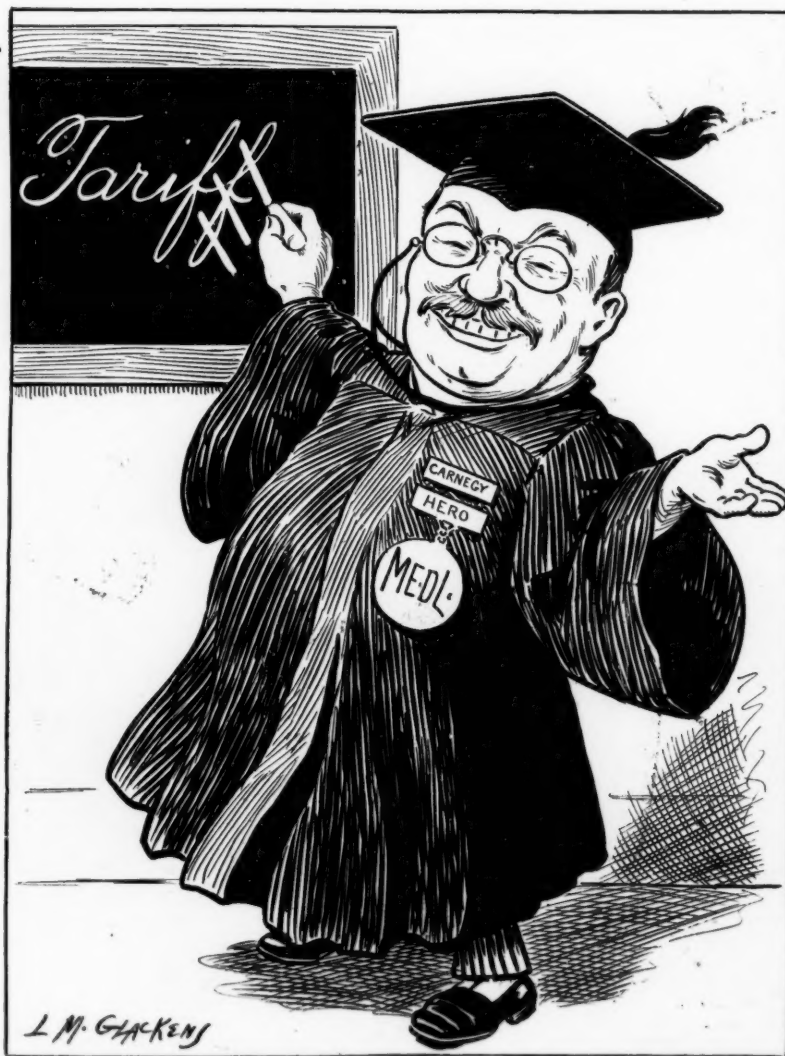
WUN KANNOT help wondering, air the hole affare is forgotten, how that breezili modern and admirabli konservativ Filadelfia finansier ever kepped out of the life insurans biznes.

WE R SORRI to heer that our trankwil kontemporari, the *North Amerikan Revu*, iz tu bekum a fortniteli. Rathr wud we hav had it shift tu the statlier pase or a kwarterli. Thar iz no such thing az lezur in Amerkan magazendum. The ofisiz ov sum ov the "ten-centerz" r veritabl sweatshopz, and in feverish aktiviti r onli wun remov frum Bruther Hearsed'z bughous. If the *North Amerikan* iz tu join the rase we shal hav tu giv up reding it and fal bak on trional or kounting shep jumping over a fenz.

SUNDI is the grate da for auto axidenz. Sort ov an auto-da-fa, az it wur.

MISTER BRIAN iz fulish tu give up hiz Nu Zeland trip. We don't no ov enibodi tu hoom distanz lends a grater nchantment.

"STARD IN a lonli spot," redz a nuz item. Must hav bin the spot whar the apendicks uzd tu b.



THAT XTRA F.

OWR FONETIK PREZIDENT.—And yet sum pepul sa Ime not a Tarif reformer!

WITH Hearsed and Jerome monopolizing the lime-lite, Noo York's Demokrasi may be sed tu b sorly afflicted with "the willies."

FONETIKS wil hav reeched thar limit wen Mr. Hearsed adops them 4 his luvli frunt pagez. GURL KOMITS SOOISIDE, 4 xample.

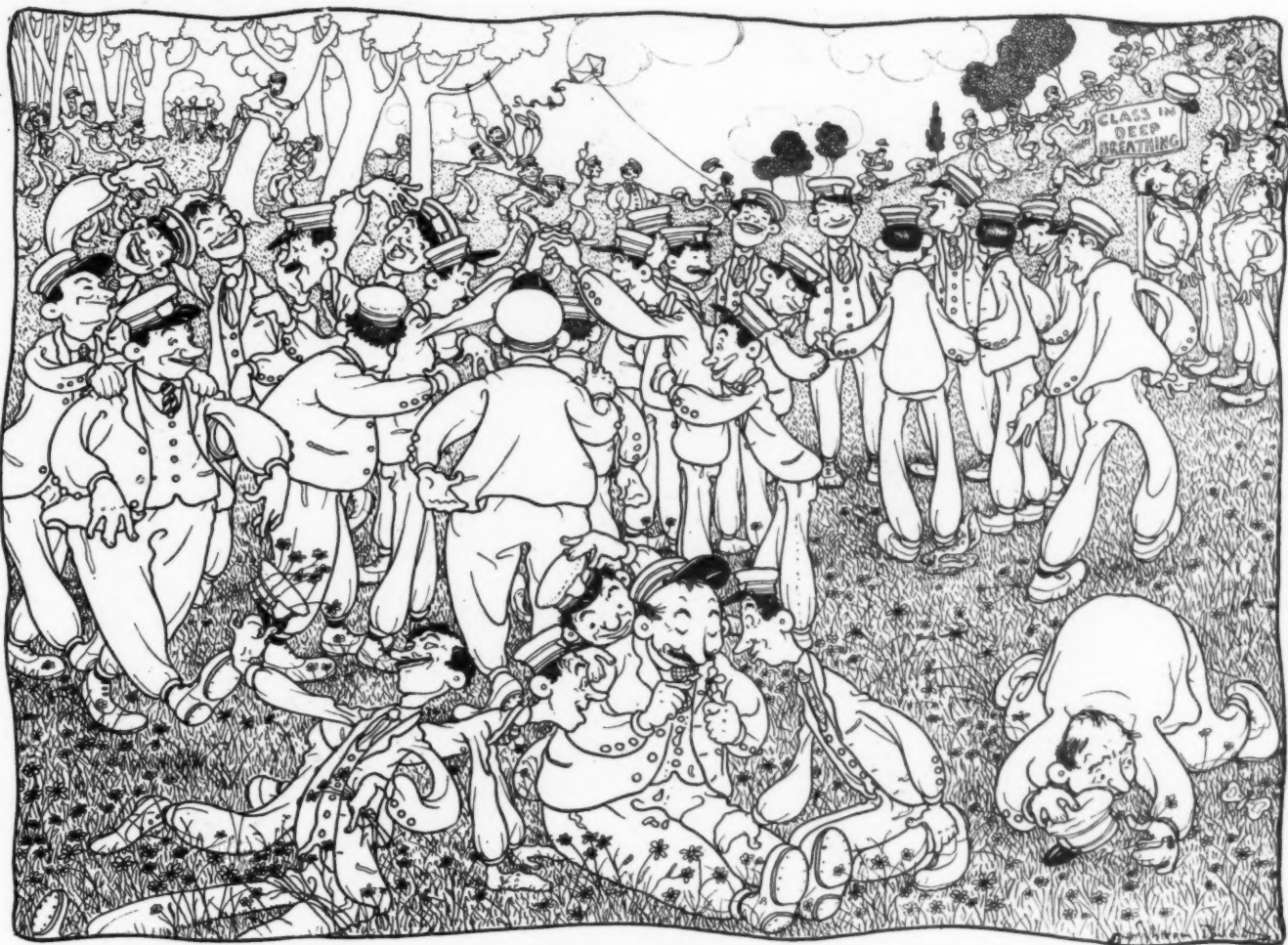
WUN SERVUS, at least, Cuber's revolushun has renderd. It has enabld Cuber to qualifi as a jenuwine South Amerikan republik, despite the fact that it iz seppyrated by several miles from South Amerika.

AWLMOSt any da we expekt tu hear that Brandr Matthuz has been appointed Sekretari of Spelling.

IT iz now up to Lobe tu invent sumthing in the wa of a fonetic shorthand alfabet.

THIS is positively the last appearance of phonetic spelling in these columns. Its friends are courteously referred to the Government Printing House, Washing-ton.





SWEET CHARITY!

PUCK'S FRESH AIR OUTING FOR SUBWAY EMPLOYEES.

IN SUBURBAN SOCIETY.

*Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Blough  
announce  
The Engagement  
of  
A Cook  
At Home, Thursdays*

HIS DIMENSIONS.

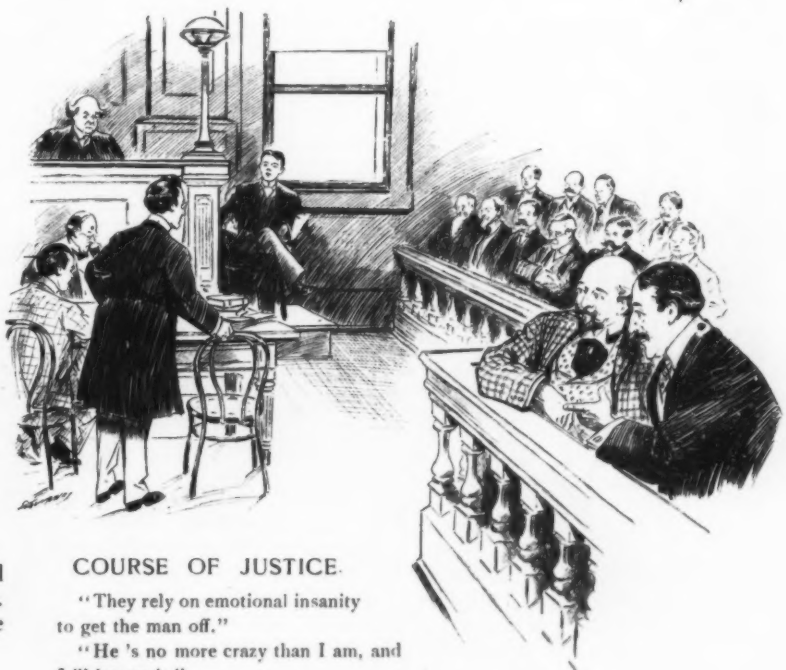
"WHAT is the Hon. Thomas Rott so angry about?"  
"Why, the *Weekly Palladium and Farmer's Vindicator* published a one-column cut of him and referred to it as a 'life-size' portrait."

LOW TEMPERATURE.

"DO you believe that Barkson really had the rich Miss Plunkley all but persuaded to run away with him?"  
"Not I. He's too cold. Why, I don't believe his own prejudices would run away with him."

MATRIMONY is from the Latin word 'mater,' meaning mother, and 'mony,' which is by no means to be confounded with money. The reference is to the circumstance of matrimony being the mother, so to speak, of  
Cere, and  
Inhar, and (more remotely) } mony.  
Ali

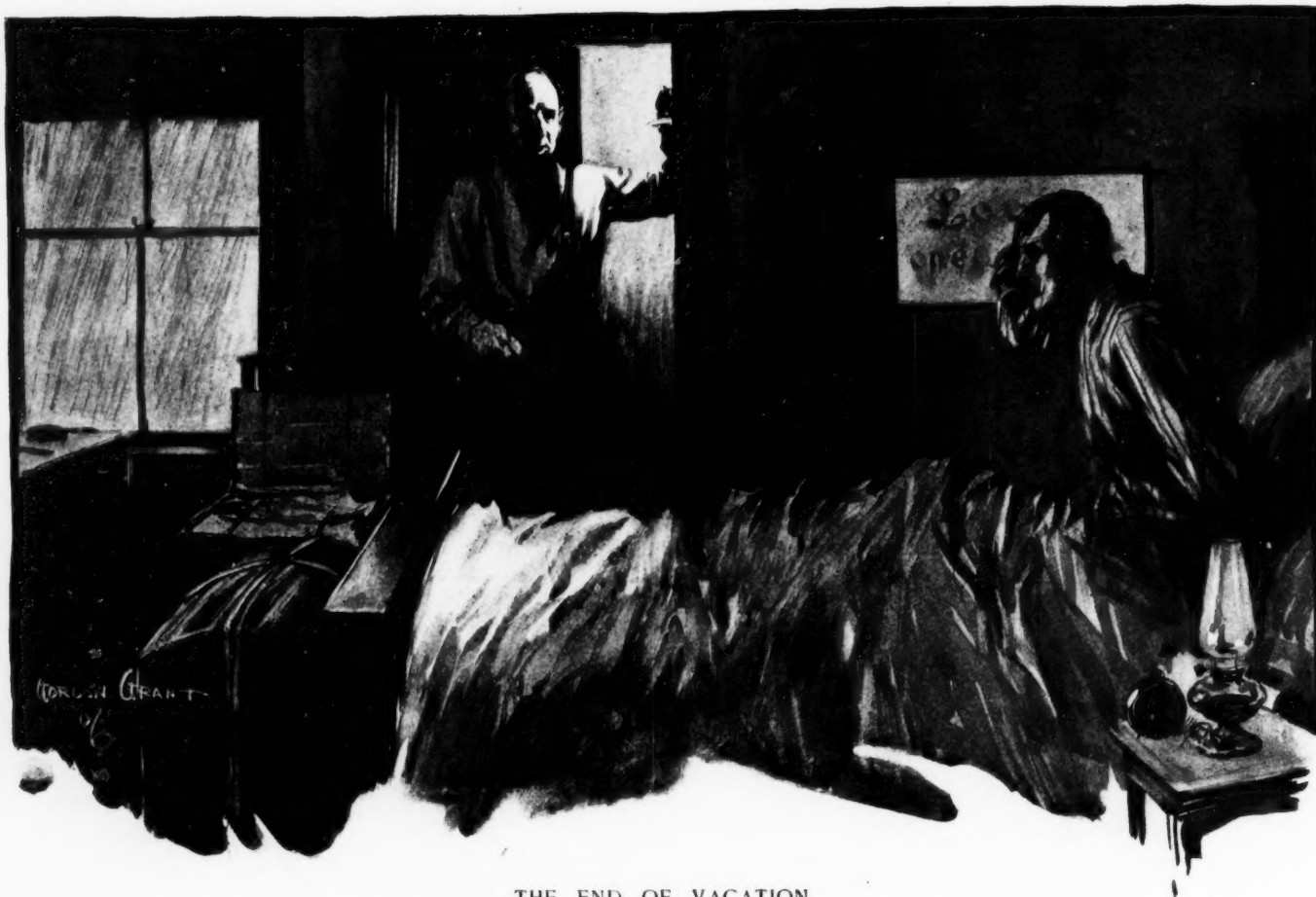
NOTHING is so cheap as flattery, yet nothing has such a purchasing power.



COURSE OF JUSTICE.

"They rely on emotional insanity to get the man off."  
"He's no more crazy than I am, and I'll bet on it."  
"Certainly not! It's the emotional insanity of the newspapers that they expect to do the business."

**L**anguage is a growth, answering to the demand of the times. Elizabethans, so far as we know, neither Sundayed nor week-ended in anybody's midst.



THE END OF VACATION.

THE MAN AT THE DOOR — Half past four, Mister Citily! Ye ain't got a mite too much time if ye 're goin' t' ketch the first down train.

SAMMY BERRY'S DELIVERANCE.

YOUNG Mr. Samuel B. Berry was the slave of a habit. The habit had him in a grip which challenged his attention at all hours. He was conscious of the accursed fetters by day, by night; in sun, rain, sorrow, joy or grief. He was a victim of the soft drink habit. The fizz of carbonated waters was in his ears in fond fancy even when he was blocks from a soda fountain. And always the fancy lured him on; his footsteps quickened; he traveled the hot pavements at a reckless speed, dashed madly around the corner, plunged into the soft drinks resort and — deeply drank.

There was never an hour in the day he was safe, so fixed had the terrible habit become. He might be riding to business in the morning on an elevated train, and, noting a rack of Sarsaparilla bottles somewhere on the street below, find himself frantic; there was no relief, save to get off at the first station and rush wildly back to purchase the richly colored burnt sugar decoction and quickly swallow it.

Behind the counter in the excellent department store where young Mr. Samuel B. Berry sold ladies' hosiery, he was suddenly seized at eleven o'clock one forenoon with a desire for drink which caused him to vault the counter and thread his way at marvelous speed to the soda fountain by the door. Here, carelessly mingling with the crowd, he ordered four or five glasses and drank them down: birch, lemon, sarsaparilla, — anything — anything if only it was a soft drink with a hard fizz and a pretty color. Then, wiping the various flavors from his guilty lips, and stealthily stealing back to his counter, on the alert to escape the

sharp eyes of the floorwalker, he shamefacedly resumed his place behind the counter, with the elegant open-work stockings of red, pink, Nile green, baby blue, tan, lavender and — Horrors! His eye had now fastened upon the pair of stockings he held at that moment in his hands. They were precisely the shade of an orange phosphate! Maddening thirst possessed him. Samuel B. Berry could no more have combated this demon of desire than he could have successfully fought ten thousand Monsters of Appetite hungry and single-handed. In fancy he saw the gorgeous orange phosphate, sprinkling to the brim, the pretty beads of effervescence rising like so much delicate open work against the frosted tracery on the side of the glass — Mr. Berry with a vacant stare of agony thrust the pair of dainty orange silk stockings he had been showing to a dear girl in a peekaboo waist, fairly into her arms, muttered an incoherent excuse, was over the counter in a second, and had escaped through a side-door; dashing across the street in front of an automobile, five trucks and a trolley-car, he entered a drug store and breathlessly ordered an orange phosphate; he knew this was the only place in that section of the city which carried exactly that shade. He greedily drank it. Then another, and yet another. Now he noiselessly tripped across the street, re-entered the store — and was confronted by the irate floorwalker who had watched his flight from the girl in the peekaboo at the very moment he should have consummated the sale of the open-work stockings of orange phosphate shade.

The floor-walker had seen all. Denial was useless.

Samuel Berry confessed to the horrible habit which enslaved him.

The floor-walker ground his teeth. "D—n it!" he said; "they have no business to put coloring matter in soft drinks, anyhow!"

Then, for a moment, he pondered. Presently he spoke. His voice was quite gentle. "Sammy," he said, "you're too imaginative for the Hosiery department; I'm going to transfer you to Hardware, down in the basement."

"Thank you, sir," said Sammy Berry, gratefully. *Fred Ladd.*

***Incidentally it is noted that, in these notorious days, apprehension in regard to the Man on Horseback has nearly been lost sight of.***



# PUCK

## THE POINT OF VIEW.

(To a Mummy, Date 4000 B. C.)



RESPECTED SIR: I'd like to know  
What think you of the present?  
Was life six thousand years ago,  
Down Egypt way, more pleasant?  
You furnish us but scanty clues  
That trace your life, old fellow—  
What shade was Neolithic news?  
Nile-green, or yappy yellow?

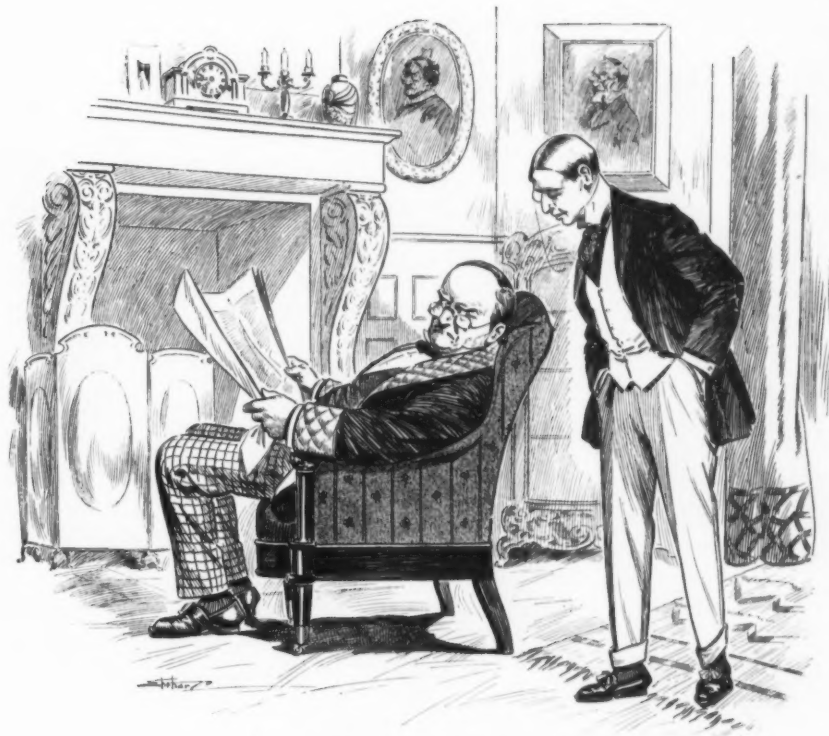
I wonder if within your case  
Where rest your bones, nigh cloakless,  
You marvel, with impassive face,  
At words like "auto," "smokeless."  
But pshaw! Perhaps this very hour  
Your latest incarnation  
Forth speeds, with twenty-horse(less) pow'r  
And deals out devastation!

At risk of setting you a task  
Beyond your limits, will I  
The liberty assume to ask:  
What brands were your bacilli?  
Was every breath *you* used to draw  
A parlous undertaking?  
Was *your* career one rigid law  
Of boiling, spraying, baking?

And did you die because you caught  
A kiss not disinfected?  
Ah, poor old fellow, all untaught!  
You now must feel dejected.  
In your time how one *lived*, perhaps,  
Was paramount beside of  
The query of us modern chaps,  
Demanding what one *died* of!

Edwin L. Sabin.

It is also possible that when we really get pure food it will take us some little time to acquire an appetite for it.



## THE FAMILY SKELETON.

GRANDSON.—Well, Grandpop, I've discovered that we are descended from a foreign nobleman!

GRANDPA HARDCRABBLE.—Wal, p'raps ye're right, Jimmy—but th' family's bin respectable ever since I kin remember!

## A DESIRABLE ANIMAL.

"NUSSAH," replied old Brother Bunkum. "Dar wa'n't no nigger festival uh-gwine on over in dat direction yiste'day afternoon.

De repo't come to us dat a cullud man's mule had done whirled in and kicked de cullud man's yallah wife on de p'int o' de chin, uh-causin' of de lady to bite off an inch and a half of her tongue. And,—uck!—de puhsession yo' seed was imposed of mar'd cullud men uh gwine over dar to price dat 'ar mule. Yassah!—dat 's what 't wuz."

## JUST THE THING.

ONCE on a time, in Brazil,  
Attacked by a violent chill,  
A big alligator  
Climbed on the Equator  
And enjoyed a comforting grill.

## AS A KNOCK-OUT AGENT.

MRS. HOGAN (*with paper*).—Glory be! Highway robbers are now usin' auttomobiles!

HOGAN.—No wondher! Shure, th' most casual reader must acknowledge their superiority over sandbags!

## INCOMPETENT.

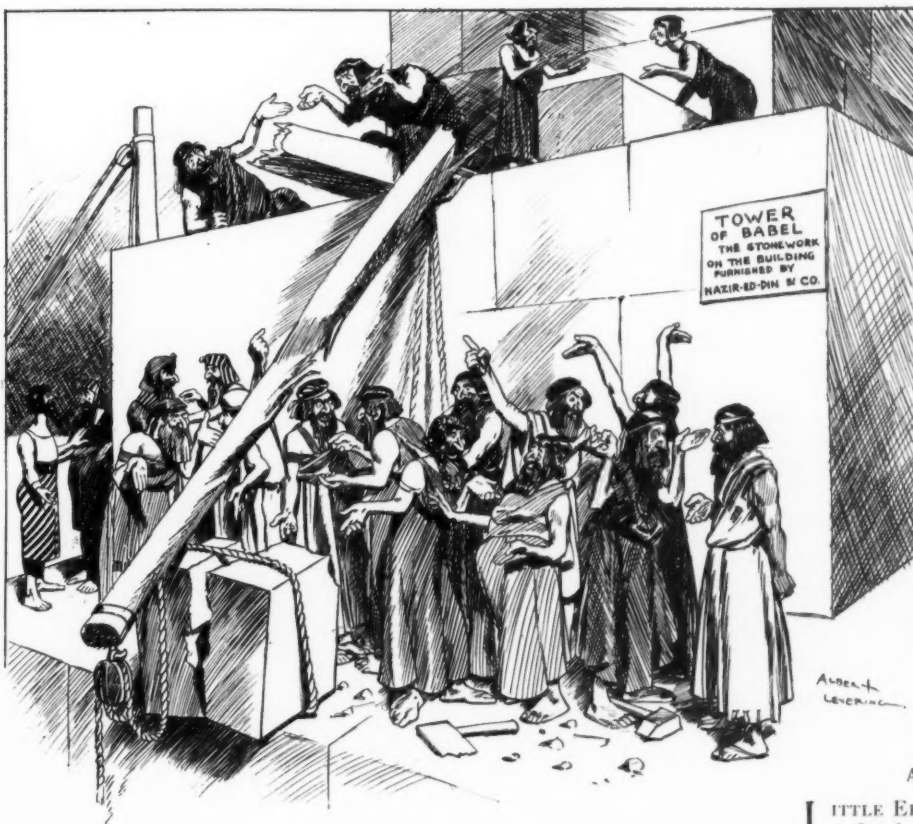
LAWYER.—Well, what was done in the interim?

WITNESS.—I don't know, sir. I did n't go into the interim. I staid in the anteroom.

## ABOUT THE SAME THING.

LITTLE ELMER (*who has an inquiring mind*).—Papa, what is meant by "honor among thieves"?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—Oh, just about the same as "senatorial courtesy," my son.



## WHERE IT ORIGINATED.

BABEL WORKMEN (*in ninety-seven different languages*).—I told you so!

# PUCK

## SLEEP AWAY.

**D**E MOON shine bright an' de night birds peep,  
An' de shadders roun' de cahbin doh slowly creep;  
De gray owl hoot, an' de night winds say:  
"Sleep, mah li'l' kinky haid, sleep away, away."

De whippoorwill call lak his li'l' hea't grieves,  
Fum his nes' up yondah in de rustlin' leaves;  
De spooks dey cum in de twilight gray —  
"Sleep, mah li'l' kinky haid, sleep away, away."

De night cum down an' de dew get cold,  
An' de pore li'l' lam's seek de wahm sheep fold,  
Whed dey cuddle up close, an' de tinkle bell say:  
"Sleep, mah li'l' kinky haid, sleep away, away."

Yoh ole black mam' she will rock an' sing —  
Rock, rock, rock, lak an' Angel's wing;  
Rock to de lan' whed de sweet dreams sway —  
"Sleep, mah li'l' kinky haid, sleep away, away."

*Will F. Griffin.*



## RELIEF AT LAST.

**HOUSEKEEPER.**—I hear your brother, who died in California, left you a thousand dollars, Dinah. That will be a great help to you.

**WASH LADY.**—Deedy it will, Missus! Ah's been needin' a pianner, an' a phonograft, an' a oil paitin' ob mahsaif in a gilt frame fo yeahs, an' now, bress de good Lord, Ah kin hab 'em!

## THE ART WHICH CARRIES BURDENS.

**"WE WISH,"** explained the manager, in his bustling, airy way, "a play which will serve as a vehicle—"

**"Sir,"** protested the man of genius, with a look of horror, "I am a playwright! Not a cartwright!"

## FAIR PROPOSAL.

**UNCLE HAYRICK.**—What were his terms?

**UNCLE CORNCRIE.**—Ef I 'm cured I get my picture in the papers, an' ef I ain't I get the negative.

## DIPLOMACY.

**NED.**—I suppose when he joined the church he stopped drinking?

**NED.**—No; but he takes it now for medicinal purposes.



## A MOOSE CALL.

## RECIPE.

**I** WISH to make some man a good wife. How shall I go about it?  
*ARABELLA.*

Every cook-book worthy of the name contains full directions for getting up this delicious concoction.

## ALTERNATIVES.

**W**HEN the actress cried: "Such scanty skirts!"  
The manager, in some surprise,  
Asked: "Which would you rather have on you,  
Many clothes, or many eyes?"  
And added: "Madame, by my troth!  
You may have either, but not bo "



## THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

**O**ne singular point about the theosophists is that they did n't believe in their theories the last time they were on earth.



## September Sauce.

### THE PASSIONATE SOCIALIST TO HIS NEAR-WIFE.

[“When we have Socialism we will have free beer.”—*A Passionate Socialist*.]



YES, live with me and be my love,  
My communistic turtle-dove,  
And life shall be one grand sweet spree:  
Our beer shall, like our love, be free.

To cool rathskellers we will go,  
And call for amber topped with snow;  
We 'll drown dull care in lethean floods  
Of ice-cold aromatic suds.

And I will order food for thee,  
Which shall, like beer and love, be free,  
And speed thee, when the hour grows late,  
Home in a cab run by the State.

And thus our life from day to day.  
Some one, of course, the bill must pay;  
But who, I neither know nor care:  
Ask London, Hunter or Sinclair.

Enough to know, my only dear,  
That Socialism means free beer.  
And so, my communistic dove,  
Come live with me and be my love.

There does seem to be a temperamental affinity between William the Sudden and Theodore the Unexpected. Following the Unexpected One's eruption on sterilized spelling, the Sudden One comes out for divining rods, the mysterious powers of which he trusts will become generally known. It is again up to Theodore to do something, and he will not keep us long waiting. As for sterilized spelling, it is still a long way off. Of course there are some printed things that would look as well in fonetics as in English—Mr.

Roosevelt's books, for example; “those dreadful books,” as Henry James calls them. Sterilized spelling when printed looks like Esperanto, which in turn looks like the devil.

In a very fine picture displayed in a hardware store a hunter is taking a shot at a mountain lion with a modern repeating rifle. And the hunter carries a powder horn.—*Atchison Globe*.

Wonder which of our leading magazine illustrators it was who made the picture.

Max Beerbohm pleads for admission to the language of a new verb, “bourchier”—to advertise one's self zealously, but without discretion. The application will not be plain to all American readers, but it suggests that we on this side are about ready for a new dictionary word, “Brisbane.” The adjective, “brisbanal,” and the noun, “brisbanality,” suggest themselves at once, and the expression, “to brisbane,” might also be used to advantage.

Her publishers inform us that Margaret Deland “resents a pose of any kind.” Yet her photographs show that she belongs to the Illustrious Order of Face Feelers.

*Bert Leston Taylor.*



### ADV.

ISAACS. — Vunce again, pirdie — Cheap! Cheap!  
THE CANARY. — Cheep! Cheep!

ISAACS. — Goot! Now, ven I hangs you oud by der side-walk, dot's vot you say to der peoples bassing py.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



# VANITY OF VANITY

SUMMER'S fled! Away the  
Trappings of its fleeting  
Scenes are loaded on the dray  
And the "props" are packed  
"Prop" sea-serpent, yellow  
Forest, ocean, dell, and dune,  
Bark canoe and river reach,  
Combing waves and moonlit  
Gone the players, maids and  
And the stage is bare again.  
It was all a vain illusion—  
Bright things come to a confu

Cupid, master of the show,  
Strikes the scenes, and off the  
And the actors wipe the trace  
Of the make-up from their face  
Howsoever real it seem,  
It is but a pleasant dream,  
All that glitters is not gold,  
As the summer maid is told,  
Whose engagement ring, alas,  
Proves to be the merest brass  
Plighted troths, that rang sin  
Simply heated atmosphere.

Vain illusion, vain illusion  
From beginning to conclusion  
Tinsel forest, tinsel moon,  
Tinsel ocean, tinsel dune,  
Lovers' vows and scented bre  
Vanity of vanities!







# UNITY OF VANITIES.

MER'S fled! Away they go—  
 rappings of its fleeting show.  
 s are loaded on the dray,  
 he "props" are packed away—  
 p" sea-serpent, yellow moon,  
 t, ocean, dell, and dune,  
 canoe and river reach,  
 ing waves and moonlit beach.  
 the players, maids and men;  
 the stage is bare again.  
 s all a vain illusion—  
 t things come to a confusion.

, master of the show,  
 s the scenes, and off they go;  
 the actors wipe the traces  
 e make-up from their faces.  
 oever real it seem,  
 out a pleasant dream.  
 at glitters is not gold,  
 e summer maid is told,  
 e engagement ring, alas!  
 s to be the merest brass:  
 ed troths, that rang sincere,  
 y heated atmosphere.

illusion, vain illusion  
 beginning to conclusion:  
 l forest, tinsel moon,  
 l ocean, tinsel dune,  
 s' vows and scented breeze—  
 y of vanities!

R. L. T.



# THE SUMMER SHOW.

# HEADS AND TAILS, OR THE TALE OF A HEAD.



I.

MISTAH KINKBY.—Come yere, yo' Clarence! Did n't Ah tell yo' t' stop dat monkey-shinin'?



II.

CLARENCE.—Oh, doan' go fur t' whip me, Poppy! Ef yo' does, Ah 'll—



## THE RISE OF THE HIPPODRAMA.

TIME—2006.

HERE was a big crowd at the Hippopotodrome last night to witness Manager Binks's artistic production of Parsifal—the first legitimate piece to see the boards in New York since 1925. It had been freely predicted that a public which supported two hippopotodromes, 17 hippodromes, 29 hippodromettes and 106 hippodrines would not attend a play with a plot. But the public did attend and there was not a vacant seat in the house at the beginning of the first act.

The stage was set to represent a typical jungle scene where a troupe of 432 Genuine Native Africans reproduced in all its details a typical Hippopotamus Roundup. When, after a most exciting five minutes, Professor Schmitt's band of 1,237 trained hippopotomi were driven to the front of the stage an exhibition was given which surpassed anything in this line ever seen in New York. The Professor received 18 curtain calls.

As usual, the water effect made a great hit with the upper galleries and was seen at its best in conjunction with Mademoiselle Fluviette's Acting Alligators in Act Two. Monsieur Scweritski with his 208 Learned Siberian Wolf Hounds went through some choice Jumping Stunts as an opener, after which Mademoiselle Fluviette appeared. She held the calcium for some moments doing a series of tableaux with her pets who, it must be said, possess considerable histrionic ability. As a windup Mademoiselle summoned Prince, her largest 'gator, to the side of the tank and standing on his head rode across dry shod.

It brought down the house.

Manager Binks outdid himself in Act Three where the traditions of the stage were sustained in a most creditable fashion. Miss Marguerite Billington, the dainty aerialiste, walked blindfolded and backwards up a long slanting wire that led to an opening in the transformation background. Once there, Miss Billington held out her hands and her flock of 327 Vivacious Carrier Pigeons, released from their cages under the baldheaded seats, flew up to her and engaged in some remarkable aerial evolutions.

The galleries cheered themselves hoarse.

But it is safe to say that what theatre-goers will remember most vividly is the last act of this noble drama. In the elaborate stage-picture electric diamonds from the roof and sides cast a gentle glow on Signor Spaghetti's ballet of 491 Terpsichorean Orang-Outangs. The audience was simply enraptured by the intricate and graceful figures presented by these well known Simians and recalled them time and again.

As a whole the performance was distinctly the most finished given to the public for many years. Great credit is due the 237 Warranted Genuine Palmists and Trance Mediums who played Klingsor and the 438 Guaranteed Australian Comic Opera Stars who interpreted the character of Kundry. A pleasant word might be said as well for the 8,629 Patagonian Comediennes who were the chorus of the occasion. All in all the performance seems to stand for the coming of better things and Manager Binks has promised in the near future to produce East Lynne and Romeo and Juliet on the same broad, artistic lines.

Owing to the indisposition last evening of the 68 German Tragedians who were to have impersonated Parsifal this role was omitted altogether.

Horatio Winslow.



III.

MISTAH KINKBY.—Bress Gawd! Wha's dis Ah done hit!!!



IV.

MISTAH KINKBY.—Boy, ef yo' bust mah hand on yo' head again, dar 's gwine t' be one mo' coon in de calaboose. Yo' heah me?





I.  
AUNT MARY.—Dear, dear, I am so glad Herbert's tastes are literary. Now, while I'm waiting to surprise him, I'll just renew my acquaintance with Pope.



II.  
"Oh, horror!!"

#### HIS TINTINNABULATORY EXPERIENCE.



"WITNESSED an episode a while ago that surprised me considerably," said the patent-churn man, who was moderately well acquainted in the village. "A dog with a tin can tied to his tail came skally-hooting out of an alley and got tangled up among the legs of a team of horses standing in front of Ike Klawlanger's Golden Rule clothing store. The horses promptly ran away, with the yelling dog looped to their legs for some distance. They over-set a patent medicine vendor's stand, collided with a dump-cart, and finally struck and broke down a sign-post, and sent the sign itself flapping around with such fury that it slapped Luther Sprawl, who happened to be passing, clear through the window into Curly Prinks' barber shop. And instead of being angry about it, Luther merely excused himself by remarking that 'Such is life,' and went moseying off up the street as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened."

"And I s'pose it must have seemed so to him, after his recent experience," responded the landlord of the Pettyville tavern. "You see, Luther went up to the city the other day with a lot of produce. First off, the commission men short-weighted and outfiggered him, good and plenty; then, as he was eating his dinner his hat was stolen; while he was telling a policeman about it somebody sneaked up and hooked the meerschaum pipe that the fire laddies presented him last year for conspicuous valor, right out of his coat-pocket; and then a suave person sold him a half-interest in something or other—he can't be persuaded to tell what—for about all he had in his wallet. Somewhere in the raffle—he contends he don't know just where—his watch and chain waved him a sad farewell. He had n't much more than got to sleep in the hotel till the building caught fire. He jumped out of the window in his garment-tail, so to describe his plight, and was arrested for appearing in public improperly clad, and for the same reason fined five dollars and costs, which took all of the ten-dollar bill he was wearing under a porous-plaster on his back, and about half of the sum reposing under

another porous-plaster on his bosom. Eh-yah!—I s'pose Luther was in what you might call a brown study, and was n't aware that anything peculiar had happened."

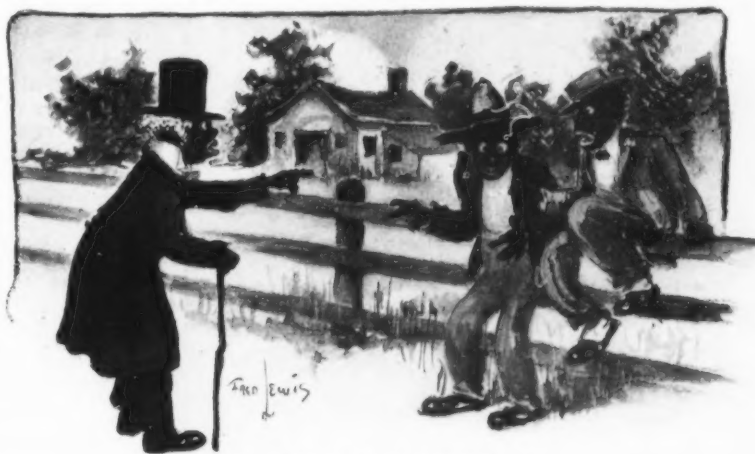
Tom P. Morgan.

#### ADROIT.

THEY were printing a sumptuous blue Book of the town's parvenoo,—  
And got over the bother  
Of the red great-grandmother.  
By naming the volume "Who's Sioux?"

#### ECONOMY.

HUSBAND.—Is n't fifty dollars rather expensive for a parasol?  
WIFE.—Yes; but it will last longer than an umbrella because you can't borrow it.



#### THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.

PARSON COOPAH.—Ef yo don't reform, yo will sholy go to a place ob eternal fire!  
SAM SHINBONE.—Ah don't keer!  
PARSON COOPAH.—An' yo'll hab to split all de wood an' carry up all de coal fo' de fire, an'—  
SAM SHINBONE.—Oh, Lawd! Ah'll git baptized to once!

#### A WESTERN CEREMONY.

In some parts of the West no time is lost in the process of "giving in marriage." A couple once came before the Justice of the Peace.

"Link," he said. They joined hands.

"Have him?" (to the woman.)

"Yep."

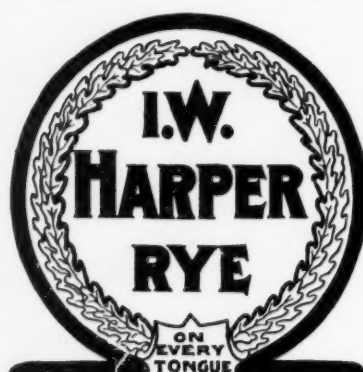
"Have her?" (to the man.)

"Yes."

"Married! Two dollars."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

#### A KANSAS CRITIQUE.

Wellsford claims a genius in the person of a young lady singer, whose latest effort resembles a cross between the song of a coyote and falling downstairs.—*Haviland (Kan.) Outlook*.



### Aged and Respected

With character and merit, The spirit of Kentucky hospitality; the essence of good cheer. The best whiskey for all uses. Gold medals at New Orleans, 1885; Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900, and Grand Prize, highest award, at World's Fair, St. Louis. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

## Wilson—

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each & every bottle—See back label!

That's All!

#### THE ROORBACK REFORM.

John Jones would almost tear his hair  
O'er all the fads in woman's wear.

"Upon my life,"

He told his wife,

"They're a delusion and a snare."

His mind with criticisms swarmed,  
He scoffed and sneered and sniffed and stormed,

And said that dress,

A fool might guess,

Was something that must be reformed!

At last an inspiration came,  
His heart with fervor was aflame—

He saw where he

In time should be

A person of the highest fame.

He got a floppy-flappy hat,

A peek-a-boo waist—think of that!

Long gloves as well,

Fit for a belle;

And combed his hair upon a rat!

He donned the porous plaster waist!  
The long gloves on his arms he placed.

The hat that flopped

His head then topped,

And to his wifey's room he paced.

She looked at him from head to feet  
With woman's glances, keen and fleet,

And then declared

While, stunned, he stared

At her: "My dear, you look too sweet!"

What did this foolish woman do?

She used such wiles as well she knew

And made poor John

With that garb on

Go boldly in the public view.

John Jones is for reform again,

He talks, he wields a busy pen—

But now he pleads

That this world needs

Reform in what is worn by men!

—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### HE DODGED.

It is said of a noted Virginia judge that in a pinch he always came out ahead. An incident of his childhood might go to prove this.

"Well, Benny," said his father when the lad had been going to school about a month, "what did you learn to-day?"

"About the mouse, father."

"Spell mouse?" his father asked.

After a little pause Benny answered: "Father, I don't believe it was a mouse after all; it was a rat."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

#### USED TO TROUBLE.

Abdul Hamid is looking for a successor. This ought to be a good opening for an experienced baseball umpire.—*Chicago Post*.

#### NO COMPARISON.

"I don't know whether to invest my money in railroad or in Whiskey Trust stock. Which do you think would be better?"

"Oh, there can't be any question about that. Whiskey's stronger than water."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### GRUB-STAKING THE DOMINIE.

Anyone desiring to contribute towards the salary of Rev. Gable will please do so before the 27th, as he intends to go away on that date for a month's stay in the East.—*Grand Marais (Minn.) Herald*.

### A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



#### The Perfect Drink for Summer Outings

A cool, refreshing and stimulating delight for the picnic in the woods—the automobile party—all outdoor sports. CLUB COCKTAILS are exquisitely blended from choicest liquors, aged and mellowed to delicious taste, flavor and aroma. A CLUB COCKTAIL is a scientifically equal and uniform cocktail—not a slap-dash mixture of doubtful liquors. Strain through cracked ice and serve.

Seven varieties—each one delicious.  
Order CLUB from your Dealer

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.  
Hartford New York London

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY KEEPLER & SCHWARTZMAN



HE WAS TOLD SHE'D BE DOWN IN A MINUTE.

By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 10 1/2 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY KEEPLER & SCHWARTZMAN



EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

By Shef Clarke.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

## PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures from PUCK

MAKE HANDSOME  
DECORATIONS FOR  
COLLEGE ROOMS  
CLUB ROOMS  
THE PARLOR  
THE LIBRARY  
THE "DEN"

SEND TEN CENTS FOR  
NEW CATALOGUE WITH  
OVER SIXTY MINIATURE  
REPRODUCTIONS.

ADDRESS

PUCK

286-308 LAFAYETTE ST.

NEW YORK

Art Stores and Dealers  
supplied by  
The Anderson Publishing Co.  
30 Union Square, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY KEEPLER & SCHWARTZMAN



HIGHER EDUCATION.

By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 10 1/2 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY KEEPLER & SCHWARTZMAN



THE LOVE SCENE.

By Gordon H. Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



The Most Popular  
After-Dinner  
Speech:

"GIVE ME A  
GLASS OF  
Liqueur  
Eaglette!"



THE SUPREME AFTER-  
DINNER CORDIAL

Eagle Liqueur Distilleries  
RHEINSTROM BROS.  
Cincinnati, U. S. A

#### SHE KNEW TOO MUCH.

A Newton bad boy almost caused his Sunday-school teacher to lose her job recently. He was showing a pack of cards to another boy in the class when the teacher commanded him to give them to her. He handed her a part of the pack, but she counted them and would not be satisfied till she had the whole pack, joker and all. And now the superintendent, who witnessed the performance, is wondering whether to commend her for her zealous discipline or report her for her undue familiarity with "Satan's prayer book." —*Kansas City Journal.*

## BUNNER'S SHORT STORIES

#### SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

#### THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.

A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

#### MADE IN FRANCE.

French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated.

#### MORE SHORT SIXES.

Illustrated.

#### THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. Illustrated.

Five Volumes, in Paper, \$2.50  
" " " Cloth, 5.00  
or separately } Per Volume, in Paper, \$0.50  
as follows: } " " " Cloth, 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.

#### BEAMED TOO SOON.

It fell to the lot of five-year-old Wallace Stewart, being the third son in rapid succession, to sift the family ashes, as his brothers had done before him. One morning the boy was told by his beaming father that a baby had arrived the night before. Wallace also beamed, much to his parent's gratification.

"And just think! it is our first little girl!"

Wallace's smile vanished and he scowled like a pirate.

"A girl!" as if it were the synonym for all that was opprobrious. "Gee! must I *always* sift ashes? — *Lippincott's Magazine.*

#### FLUENT, BUT NOT CONVINCING.

WIGGLES.—Did you have any difficulty in speaking French while you were in Paris?

WAGGLES.—Oh, no, I did n't have any difficulty at all in speaking it. The difficulty was in getting people to understand it. — *Somerville Journal.*

## Pears'

Pears' Soap leaves the skin smooth, cool and healthy. There's no free alkali in Pears.' Only good soap and pure.

Sold here and abroad.

#### THE PRACTICAL WIFE AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

HE—  
Your eyes are like the Southern skies  
With worlds of love within them pent —  
SHE—  
Please leave the money for the ice  
And don't forget to pay the rent.  
HE—  
Your mouth like Cupid's bow is arched;  
I—lucky chap—to call you mine—  
SHE—  
Now, this is washday—don't forget—  
Bring up the tubs and string the line.  
HE—  
Your hands—divinely dainty hands—  
Fit hands are they for taming Jove—  
SHE—  
Come home at five to-night, because  
You simply *must* put up that stove!  
HE—  
Your cheeks are tinged so fairly  
With blushes of the early morn—  
SHE—  
Now, don't forget the fruit jars and  
Have him send up a dozen corn.  
HE—  
Your hair bewitchingly is waved  
Across your brow like strands of gold—  
SHE—  
It's eight o'clock! You're late to-day!  
And—there your coffee's grown stone cold!  
HE—  
I'm off to work—good-bye, fair one—  
Light of my soul—farewell, dear lass—  
SHE—  
He's gone! (She hollers to him tho')  
Tom, don't forget to pay th' g-a-s!  
—*Buffalo News.*

#### EVIDENCE.

"The evidence shows, Mrs. Mulcohey, that you threw a stone at Policeman Casey."

"It shows more than that, yer honer, it shows that Oi hit him." — *Minneapolis Tribune.*

## U. S. Gov't Guarantees



Every Dollar it Mints worth 100 Cents. It also guarantees our Whiskey which is Bottled in Bond in its Pure Natural State, under law of March 3rd, 1897, passed by Congress and signed by the President. Therefore every bottle of

# Sunny Brook STRAIGHT Whiskey

**BOTTLED IN BOND**

Is bottled under direct supervision of Gov't Officials and sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP"—proof of its age and purity. Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair. Avoid Whiskies not Guaranteed by U. S.

SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.



#### AN UNFORTUNATE SLIP.

THE TALKATIVE WAITER.—Let me give you a little tip, sir. When you —  
BROWN.—Why, certainly. I was just about to give you one, but some other time will answer.

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in sweetened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

#### BRUTE.

HIS WIFE.—What do you think of my new photographs, John?

HER HUSBAND.—They flatter you, my dear. The man must have hypnotized you into looking pleasant. — *Columbus Dispatch.*

We should all of us learn to hide our deepest thoughts, and many of us would n't have to hunt up a very deep hole to do it in. — *Somerville Journal.*



3:30 P. M. Leave New York; 8:30 Next Morning Reach Chicago — NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.



**The Harvest Will Be Certain**

If you take out an Endowment or Life Policy in The Prudential. You can thus save small sums, and assure yourself, or family, a substantial income at a later date, when most needed.

Every year The Prudential is paying out Millions of Dollars of Life Insurance to policyholders who are reaping the Harvest of their forethought. This money is being used to support families, educate children, furnish business capital and provide incomes.

You wish to reap the BEST harvest for yourself? Write The Prudential to-day. It has something interesting to tell you. Address Dept. P.

**THE PRUDENTIAL**  
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

**BUNNER'S**  
**Short Stories**

**SHORT SIXES**  
They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.  
— *Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

**The Runaway Browns**  
Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. — *N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.

**Made in France**  
Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. — *Detroit Free Press*.

**More Short Sixes**  
You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." — *Boston Times*.

**The Suburban Sage**  
Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. — *Boston Times*.

**Five Volumes, in paper, - \$2.50**  
**" " " in Cloth, - 5.00**  
or separately as follows:  
**Per Volume, in Paper, - \$0.50**  
**" " " in Cloth, - 1.00**

For sale by all Booksellers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

**Address:**  
**PUCK, New York.**



*H. C. Bunner*

**JOHN JAMESON**  
**THREE STAR**  
**WHISKEY**



Bottled only under this label. Its higher price is your protection.

**JUST REACHED KANSAS.**

Kansas papers are passing this one around: A traveling man received a telegram from his wife the other day which read, "Twins came last night; more by mail." The traveling man hunted up the nearest telegraph office and sent the following: "Coming on first train. If any more come by mail refuse them and have them sent to the dead letter office."



**ON THE ROAD.**

HEPSY.—I jest *know* that he's one of them play-actors.  
DEBBIE.—Oh, he can't be! I've read as how play-actors are regular cut-ups with girls an' he never so much as looked at either of us.

With men of affairs, Abbott's Angostura Bitters are the great tonic and aid to digestion. They are recommended by leading physicians. All druggists.

**WONDERFUL.**

An old farmer and his wife were attending church on one hot Sabbath day. The windows were open and the noisy chorus of the crickets was distinctly audible. In due course the choir sang an anthem, and the old man, a music lover, listened enraptured. At its conclusion he turned to his wife and whispered: "Ain't that glorious and divine, Mirandy?" "Yes," she answered; "and to think that they do it all with their hind legs." — *Minneapolis Tribune*.

**IDEAS OF MARCH.**

"Call this bad walking?" said the Oldest Inhabitant. "Why, in '37 the slush was knee-deep and——" Just here he sank to his knees in the slush of '06. "As I was saying," he resumed, when he had scrambled out, "in '37 the slush was hip-deep and——" At this point he sank to the waist line. "Thank you, gentlemen," said he to his rescuers; "the truth soaks into me that I'm a liar. Good-day." — *Philadelphia Ledger*.

**EAST AND WEST.**

In the West when a man dies the newspaper accounts of his death tell to what lodges he belonged, and in the East when a man dies the papers give the names of his clubs. — *Atchison Globe*.

OF COURSE it is better to have the government own the trusts than it is to have the trusts own the government. — *Somerville Journal*.

PROBABLY what Colonel Bryan meant to say was that he had not changed his mind on the quantitative theory of money. The ratio is neither here nor there. The theory has been vindicated. — *Atlanta Constitution*.




**FOLLOW** up the hearty "Ha! ha!" at a luncheon or dinner and there you will find **Evans' Ale** the liquid entertainer. The "digestive laugh" is the sequel of Evans' Ale.

Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Dealers

#### ONTO HIMSELF.

A brakeman was to-day playing a cigar slot machine. "Know anything?" a reporter asked him. "No," he replied; "if I did I would buy a cigar, instead of trying to win one on a slot machine."—*Atchison Globe*.

JEROME does his full share of the talking.—*Buffalo News*.



**CHEW...**  
**Beeman's**  
THE ORIGINAL  
**Pepsin**  
**Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
All Others are Imitations.  
For Sale at Every Drug Store

KNOWING how it is herself, San Francisco is the first to forward a subscription to Valparaiso. But San Francisco has generously refrained from shipping to the Chilean city that oversupply of No. 8 shoes in her relief stores.—*Buffalo Enquirer*.

LET us keep our warships at home, until "armed intervention" is an actual necessity.—*Boston Courier*.



**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS**  
**PAPER WAREHOUSE,**  
22, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, New York.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 25 Beekman Street, New York.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS**  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
**—MADE AT KEY WEST—**

#### BACK TO THE FLOOD.

"MacIntosh boasts a good deal about his family, doesn't he?"  
"Yes, I think he claims that the head of his family was the original MacIntosh that Noah had with him during that rainy season."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

You can hardly blame the man who cuts ice for a living for wishing that he had a job at his trade.—*Chicago Daily News*.

THINGS do not appear homelike to many Cubans unless there is a revolution going on.—*Chicago Daily News*.

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

**Bar Keeper's Friend**

lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



#### EVER HEAR IT SAID?

"And that is a portrait of your father?"  
"Yes, but the picture does n't do him justice; he was such a handsome man!"

**BOKER'S BITTERS**  
Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delivery in organic drinks.

#### MENTAL LIMITATIONS.

"Your Honor," said the arrested chauffeur, "I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work."

"Then why did you not slacken speed rather than run him down?"

A light seemed to dawn upon the prisoner.

"Gee!" he said, "that's one on me. I never thought of that."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### LESS RISKY.

HE.—Why do we do the meanest and most hateful things to those we love the best?

SHE.—I presume it is because no one else would stand it.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

THE walls of a town in Germany have been badly cracked by an earthquake. Owing to the friendly relations that have recently been established between King Edward and Emperor William nobody is likely to attribute the trouble to the influence of the British.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

A SON of one of the railroad presidents intends to become an apprentice in a locomotive shop. The locomotive is going to be put out of business in a few years. Why does n't the young man learn motor building?—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE republicans of Texas have nominated Hetty Green's son as their candidate for governor. If they expect Hetty to "loosen up" in politics they don't know her.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

OCCASIONALLY the girl who can make lovely fudge can also cook a turkey to a turn, but the young man should n't be too sure.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has agreed to put on steel postal cars. One result should be a considerable advance of postal clerks in desirability as insurance risks.—*Buffalo Enquirer*.

A WOMAN always thinks that if a man would only give up smoking, he could save money enough in six months to buy a seashore cottage and an automobile.—*Somerville Journal*.

UNLESS Senator Depew is given a jury trial for violating the speed law, his senate record will not count against him.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THAT young woman who stole to get into the county jail should have known that it was not equipped with electric fans.—*Chicago Daily News*.

MR. BRYAN ran up against the Sullivan family in Illinois. He will know better next time, if he has capacity to learn.—*Buffalo News*.

EVERY housekeeper knows that it does n't take half so long to do the housework when the children are n't at home to help.—*Somerville Journal*.

THIS is not the first time that the telephone girl has had her way.—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE Cannon boom is no mere echo of a boom.—*Boston Courier*.

#### CHARTREUSE

VS.  
**LIQUEUR PERES CHARTREUX**

TRANSLATION FROM "LE MATIN," PARIS, JUNE 28, 1906.

"THE trade marks of the cordials and products of the Grande Chartreuse, of which the Chartreuse Fathers have been unjustly despoiled by the law of 1901, will be put up for sale at public auction before the court of Grenoble on Saturday, June 30, 1906.

"We learn from an absolutely reliable source that the Chartreuse Fathers will not be parties, either directly or indirectly, to this sale, but on the contrary they positively refuse to give anybody authority to acquire these trade marks, for which they maintain all their rights.

"What matters to them, anyhow, a bottle and a label apart from the product which has made for them a long standing reputation?

"Everybody knows that the Chartreuse Fathers continue to manufacture the cordial, for which they alone hold the secret, at Tarragona, Spain."

The above translation will be of interest to many of our readers, who are doubtless familiar with the published reports of the action taken by the French Government a little more than two years ago, whereby the monks of La Grande Chartreuse, who for three hundred years or more have distilled that well-known liqueur, were ruthlessly dismissed from the country, the Government confiscating their bottles, labels and trade marks, for the purpose of carrying on the manufacture of what it has been pleased to call "Chartreuse."

Unfortunately, however, neither the state official liquidator, nor the state itself, or anybody in the state, could obtain the mighty secret for the preparation of this "Nectar of the Gods" by any possible means and the authorities soon grew very tired of a fruitless effort to produce and sell a satisfactory imitation of the celebrated cordial, which accounts for the final disposal of the trade marks at public auction, as referred to by the "Paris Matin." According to reports published in later French papers, the Monks did not even offer to bid at the sale.

These trade marks, which give the purchaser the privilege of the use of the name "Chartreuse," and enable him, under protest of the original owners, to put up something which masquerades under the guise of the genuine article, were sold by the French Government at so ridiculously low a price as to afford all the evidence necessary (if any evidence were needed) of the fact that the trade marks themselves, without the great secret of manufacture, are practically worthless.

A continued use of the bottle and label by the purchaser, whoever he may be, does not by any means insure the contents as being genuine, or even remotely similar to the liqueur, which for centuries has given reputation and renown to the monks who make it.

Meanwhile the monks of the Grande Chartreuse having, perforce, bequeathed their bottles, labels and trade marks to France, immediately left their monastery among the rugged rocks of Grenoble and taking their secret with them, established themselves permanently at Tarragona, Spain, where they continue to make and to sell to all civilized nations, this most delectable essence of flowers, herbs, fruits and spices, to be known henceforth and forever as "Liqueur Peres Chartreux."

#### A WESTERN CEREMONY.

In some parts of the West no time is lost in the process of "giving in marriage." A couple once came before the Justice of the Peace.

"Link," he said. They joined hands.

"Have him?" (to the woman.)

"Yep."

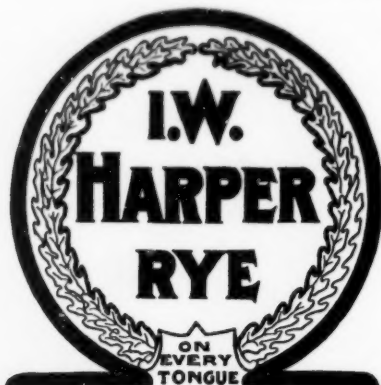
"Have her?" (to the man.)

"Yes."

"Married! Two dollars."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

#### A KANSAS CRITIQUE.

Wellford claims a genius in the person of a young lady singer, whose latest effort resembles a cross between the song of a coyote and falling downstairs.—*Horland (Kan.) Outlook.*



### Aged and Respected

With character and merit. The spirit of Kentucky hospitality; the essence of good cheer. The best whiskey for all uses. Gold medals at New Orleans, 1885; Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900, and Grand Prize, highest award, at World's Fair, St. Louis. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

## Wilson—

**The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each & every bottle—See back label!**

**That's All!**

#### THE ROORBACK REFORM.

John Jones would almost tear his hair  
(For all the fads in woman's wear.

"Upon my life,"

He told his wife,

"They're a delusion and a snare."

His mind with criticisms swarmed,  
He scoffed and sneered and sniffed and stormed,

And said that dress,

A fool might guess,

Was something that must be reformed!

At last an inspiration came,

His heart with fervor was aflame—

He saw where he

In time should be

A person of the highest fame.

He got a floppy-flappy hat,

A peek-a-boo waist—think of that!

Long gloves as well,

Fit for a belle;

And combed his hair upon a rat!

He donned the porous plaster waist!  
The long gloves on his arms he placed.

The hat that flopped

His head then topped,

And to his wife's room he paced.

She looked at him from head to feet  
With woman's glances, keen and fleet,  
And then declared

While, stunned, he stared

At her: "My dear, you look too sweet!"

What did this foolish woman do?

She used such wiles as well she knew

And made poor John

With that garb on

Go boldly in the public view.

John Jones is for reform again,

He talks, he wields a busy pen—

But now he pleads

That this world needs

Reform in what is worn by men!

—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### HE DODGED.

It is said of a noted Virginia judge that in a pinch he always came out ahead. An incident of his childhood might go to prove this.

"Well, Benny," said his father when the lad had been going to school about a month, "what did you learn to-day?"

"About the mouse, father."

"Spell mouse?" his father asked.

After a little pause Benny answered: "Father, I don't believe it was a mouse after all; it was a rat."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

#### USED TO TROUBLE.

Abdul Hamid is looking for a successor. This ought to be a good opening for an experienced baseball umpire.—*Chicago Post.*

#### NO COMPARISON.

"I don't know whether to invest my money in railroad or in Whiskey Trust stock. Which do you think would be better?"

"Oh, there can't be any question about that. Whiskey's stronger than water."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

#### GRUB-STAKING THE DOMINIE.

Anyone desiring to contribute towards the salary of Rev. Gable will please do so before the 27th, as he intends to go away on that date for a month's stay in the East.—*Grand Marais (Minn.) Herald.*

### A Club-Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



#### The Perfect Drink for Summer Outings

A cool, refreshing and stimulating delight for the picnic in the woods—the automobile party—all outdoor sports. CLUB COCKTAILS are exquisitely blended from choicest liquors, aged and mellowed to delicious taste, flavor and aroma. A CLUB COCKTAIL is a scientifically equal and uniform cocktail—not a slap-dash mixture of doubtful liquors. Strain through cracked ice and serve.

Seven varieties—each one delicious. Order CLUB from your Dealer

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.  
Hartford New York London

COPYRIGHT 1906 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARTZMAN



HE WAS TOLD SHE'D BE DOWN IN A MINUTE.

By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 19 1/2 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR

COPYRIGHT 1906 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARTZMAN



EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

By Shef Clarke.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

## PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures from PUCK

MAKE HANDSOME  
DECORATIONS FOR  
COLLEGE ROOMS  
CLUB ROOMS  
THE PARLOR  
THE LIBRARY  
THE "DEN"

SEND TEN CENTS FOR  
NEW CATALOGUE WITH  
OVER SIXTY MINIATURE  
REPRODUCTIONS.

ADDRESS

PUCK

208-300 LAFAYETTE ST.

NEW YORK

Art Stores and Dealers  
supplied by  
The Anderson Publishing Co.  
32 Union Square, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT 1906 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARTZMAN



HIGHER EDUCATION.

By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 19 1/2 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

COPYRIGHT 1906 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARTZMAN



THE LOVE SCENE.

By Gordon H. Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



The Most Popular  
After-Dinner  
Speech:

"GIVE ME A  
GLASS OF  
Liqueur  
Eaglette!"



THE SUPREME AFTER-  
DINNER CORDIAL

Eagle Liqueur Distilleries  
RHEINSTROM BROS.  
Cincinnati, U. S. A

#### SHE KNEW TOO MUCH.

A Newton bad boy almost caused his Sunday-school teacher to lose her job recently. He was showing a pack of cards to another boy in the class when the teacher commanded him to give them to her. He handed her a part of the pack, but she counted them and would not be satisfied till she had the whole pack, joker and all. And now the superintendent, who witnessed the performance, is wondering whether to commend her for her zealous discipline or report her for her undue familiarity with "Satan's prayer book." —*Kansas City Journal*.

## BUNNER'S SHORT STORIES

#### SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

#### THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.

A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

#### MADE IN FRANCE.

French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated.

#### MORE SHORT SIXES.

Illustrated.

#### THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. Illustrated.

Five Volumes, in Paper, \$2.50  
" " " Cloth, 5.00  
or separately } Per Volume, in Paper, \$0.50  
as follows: } " " " Cloth, 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.

#### BEAMED TOO SOON.

It fell to the lot of five-year-old Wallace Stewart, being the third son in rapid succession, to sift the family ashes, as his brothers had done before him. One morning the boy was told by his beaming father that a baby had arrived the night before. Wallace also beamed, much to his parent's gratification.

"And just think! it is our first little girl!"

Wallace's smile vanished and he scowled like a pirate.

"A girl!" as if it were the synonym for all that was opprobrious. "Gee! must I *always* sift ashes?" — *Lippincott's Magazine*.

#### FLUENT, BUT NOT CONVINCING.

WIGGLES.—Did you have any difficulty in speaking French while you were in Paris?

WAGGLES.—Oh, no, I did n't have any difficulty at all in speaking it. The difficulty was in getting people to understand it.—*Somerville Journal*.

## Pears'

Pears' Soap leaves the skin smooth, cool and healthy. There's no free alkali in Pears'. Only good soap and pure.

Sold here and abroad.

#### THE PRACTICAL WIFE AT THE BREAK-FAST TABLE.

HE—  
Your eyes are like the Southern skies  
With worlds of love within them pent—

SHE—  
Please leave the money for the ice  
And don't forget to pay the rent.

HE—  
Your mouth like Cupid's bow is arched;  
I—lucky chap—to call you mine—

SHE—  
Now, this is washday—don't forget—  
Bring up the tubs and string the line

HE—  
Your hands—divinely dainty hands—  
Fit hands are they for taming Jove—

SHE—  
Come home at five to-night, because  
You simply *must* put up that stove!

HE—  
Your cheeks are tinged so fairly  
With blushes of the early morn—

SHE—  
Now, don't forget the fruit jars and  
Have him send up a dozen corn.

HE—  
Your hair bewitchingly is waved  
Across your brow like strands of gold—

SHE—  
It's eight o'clock! You're late to-day!  
And—there your coffee's grown stone cold!

HE—  
I'm off to work—good-bye, fair one—  
Light of my soul—farewell, dear lass—

SHE—  
He's gone! (She hollers to him tho')  
Tom, don't forget to pay th' g-a-s!  
—*Buffalo News*

#### EVIDENCE.

"The evidence shows, Mrs. Mulcohey, that you threw a stone at Policeman Casey."

"It shows more than that, yer honer, it shows that Oi hit him." —*Minneapolis Tribune*.

## U. S. Gov't Guarantees

Every Dollar it Mints worth 100 Cents. It also guarantees our Whiskey which is Bottled in Bond in its Pure Natural State, under law of March 3rd, 1897, passed by Congress and signed by the President. Therefore every bottle of

# Sunny Brook

## STRAIGHT Whiskey

### BOTTLED IN BOND

Is bottled under direct supervision of Gov't Officials and sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP"—proof of its age and purity. Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair. Avoid Whiskies not Guaranteed by U. S.

SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.



#### AN UNFORTUNATE SLIP.

THE TALKATIVE WAITER.—Let me give you a little tip, sir. When you—  
BROWN.—Why, certainly. I was just about to give *you* one, but some other time will answer.

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in sweetened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

#### BRUTE.

HIS WIFE.—What do you think of my new photographs, John?  
HER HUSBAND.—They flatter you, my dear. The man must have hypnotized you into looking pleasant.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

We should all of us learn to hide our deepest thoughts, and many of us would n't have to hunt up a very deep hole to do it in.—*Somerville Journal*.

3:30 P. M. Leave New York; 8:30 Next Morning Reach Chicago — NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.



**The Harvest Will Be Certain**

If you take out an Endowment or Life Policy in The Prudential. You can thus save small sums, and assure yourself, or family, a substantial income at a later date, when most needed.

Every year The Prudential is paying out Millions of Dollars of Life Insurance to policyholders who are reaping the Harvest of their forethought. This money is being used to support families, educate children, furnish business capital and provide incomes.

You wish to reap the BEST harvest for yourself? Write The Prudential to-day. It has something interesting to tell you. Address Dept. P.

**THE PRUDENTIAL**  
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

## BUNNER'S Short Stories



### SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.  
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

### The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. — *N., P. & S. Bulletin.*

### Made in France

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. — *Detroit Free Press.*

### More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." — *Boston Times.*

### The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. — *Boston Times.*

Five Volumes, in paper, - \$2.50  
" " in Cloth, - 5.00

or separately as follows:

Per Volume, in Paper, - \$0.50  
" " in Cloth, - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers,  
or by mail from the  
Publishers on receipt  
of price.

Address:  
PUCK, New York.

# JOHN JAMESON



## THREE STAR WHISKEY

Bottled only under this label. Its higher price is your protection.

### JUST REACHED KANSAS.

Kansas papers are passing this one around: A traveling man received a telegram from his wife the other day which read, "Twins came last night; more by mail." The traveling man hunted up the nearest telegraph office and sent the following: "Coming on first train. If any more come by mail refuse them and have them sent to the dead letter office."



### ON THE ROAD.

HEPSY.—I jest know that he's one of them play-actors.

DEBBIE.—Oh, he can't be! I've read as how play-actors are regular cut-ups with girls an' he never so much as looked at either of us.

With men of affairs, Abbott's Angostura Bitters are the great tonic and aid to digestion. They are recommended by leading physicians. All druggists.

### WONDERFUL.

An old farmer and his wife were attending church on one hot Sabbath day. The windows were open and the noisy chorus of the crickets was distinctly audible. In due course the choir sang an anthem, and the old man, a music lover, listened enraptured. At its conclusion he turned to his wife and whispered:

"Ain't that glorious and divine, Mirandy?"

"Yes," she answered; "and to think that they do it all with their hind legs."  
—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

### IDEAS OF MARCH.

"Call this bad walking?" said the Oldest Inhabitant. "Why, in '37 the slush was knee-deep and—"

Just here he sank to his knees in the slush of '06.

"As I was saying," he resumed, when he had scrambled out, "in '37 the slush was hip-deep and—"

At this point he sank to the waist line.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said he to his rescuers; "the truth soaks into me that I'm a liar. Good-day." — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

### EAST AND WEST.

In the West when a man dies the newspaper accounts of his death tell to what lodges he belonged, and in the East when a man dies the papers give the names of his clubs. — *Atchison Globe.*

OF COURSE it is better to have the government own the trusts than it is to have the trusts own the government. — *Somerville Journal.*

PROBABLY what Colonel Bryan meant to say was that he had not changed his mind on the quantitative theory of money. The ratio is neither here nor there. The theory has been vindicated. — *Atlanta Constitution.*




**FOLLOW** up the hearty "Ha! ha!" at a luncheon or dinner and there you will find **Evans' Ale** the liquid entertainer. The "digestive laugh" is the sequel of Evans' Ale.

Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Dealers

#### ONTO HIMSELF.

A brakeman was to-day playing a cigar slot machine. "Know anything?" a reporter asked him. "No," he replied; "if I did I would buy a cigar, instead of trying to win one on a slot machine."—*Atchison Globe*.

JEROME does his full share of the talking.—*Buffalo News*.



**CHEW...**  
**Beeman's**  
**THE ORIGINAL**  
**Pepsin**  
**Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
All Others are Imitations.  
For Sale at Every Drug Store

KNOWING how it is herself, San Francisco is the first to forward a subscription to Valparaiso. But San Francisco has generously refrained from shipping to the Chilean city that over-supply of No. 8 shoes in her relief stores.—*Buffalo Enquirer*.

LET us keep our warships at home, until "armed intervention" is an actual necessity.—*Boston Courier*.



**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS**  
**PAPER WAREHOUSE,**  
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street. NEW YORK.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS**  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
**—MADE AT KEY WEST—**

#### BACK TO THE FLOOD.

"MacIntosh boasts a good deal about his family, doesn't he?"  
"Yes, I think he claims that the head of his family was the original MacIntosh that Noah had with him during that rainy season."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

You can hardly blame the man who cuts ice for a living for wishing that he had a job at his trade.—*Chicago Daily News*.

THINGS do not appear homelike to many Cubans unless there is a revolution going on.—*Chicago Daily News*.

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. See 1 lb box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

**Bar Keeper's Friend**



#### EVER HEAR IT SAID?

"And that is a portrait of your father?"  
"Yes, but the picture does n't do him justice; he was such a handsome man!"

**BOKER'S BITTERS**  
Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetiser and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

#### MENTAL LIMITATIONS.

"Your Honor," said the arrested chauffeur, "I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work."  
"Then why did you not slacken speed rather than run him down?"  
A light seemed to dawn upon the prisoner.  
"Gee!" he said, "that's one on me. I never thought of that."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### LESS RISKY.

HE.—Why do we do the meanest and most hateful things to those we love the best?  
SHE.—I presume it is because no one else would stand it.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

THE walls of a town in Germany have been badly cracked by an earthquake. Owing to the friendly relations that have recently been established between King Edward and Emperor William nobody is likely to attribute the trouble to the influence of the British.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

A SON of one of the railroad presidents intends to become an apprentice in a locomotive shop. The locomotive is going to be put out of business in a few years. Why does n't the young man learn motor building?—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE republicans of Texas have nominated Hetty Green's son as their candidate for governor. If they expect Hetty to "loosen up" in politics they don't know her.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

OCCASIONALLY the girl who can make lovely fudge can also cook a turkey to a turn, but the young man should n't be too sure.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has agreed to put on steel postal cars. One result should be a considerable advance of postal clerks in desirability as insurance risks.—*Buffalo Enquirer*.

A WOMAN always thinks that if a man would only give up smoking, he could save money enough in six months to buy a seashore cottage and an automobile.—*Somerville Journal*.

UNLESS Senator Depew is given a jury trial for violating the speed law, his senate record will not count against him.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THAT young woman who stole to get into the county jail should have known that it was not equipped with electric fans.—*Chicago Daily News*.

MR. BRYAN ran up against the Sullivan family in Illinois. He will know better next time, if he has capacity to learn.—*Buffalo News*.

EVERY housekeeper knows that it does n't take half so long to do the housework when the children are n't at home to help.—*Somerville Journal*.

THIS is not the first time that the telephone girl has had her way.—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE Cannon boom is no mere echo of a boom.—*Boston Courier*.

#### CHARTREUSE

VS.  
**LIQUEUR PERES CHARTREUX**

TRANSLATION FROM "LE MATIN," PARIS, JUNE 28, 1906.

"THE trade marks of the cordials and products of the Grande Chartreuse, of which the Chartreuse Fathers have been unjustly despoiled by the law of 1901, will be put up for sale at public auction before the court of Grenoble on Saturday, June 30, 1906.

"We learn from an absolutely reliable source that the Chartreuse Fathers will not be parties, either directly or indirectly, to this sale, but on the contrary they positively refuse to give anybody authority to acquire these trade marks, for which they maintain all their rights.

"What matters to them, anyhow, a bottle and a label apart from the product which has made for them a long standing reputation?

"Everybody knows that the Chartreuse Fathers continue to manufacture the cordial, for which they alone hold the secret, at Tarragona, Spain."

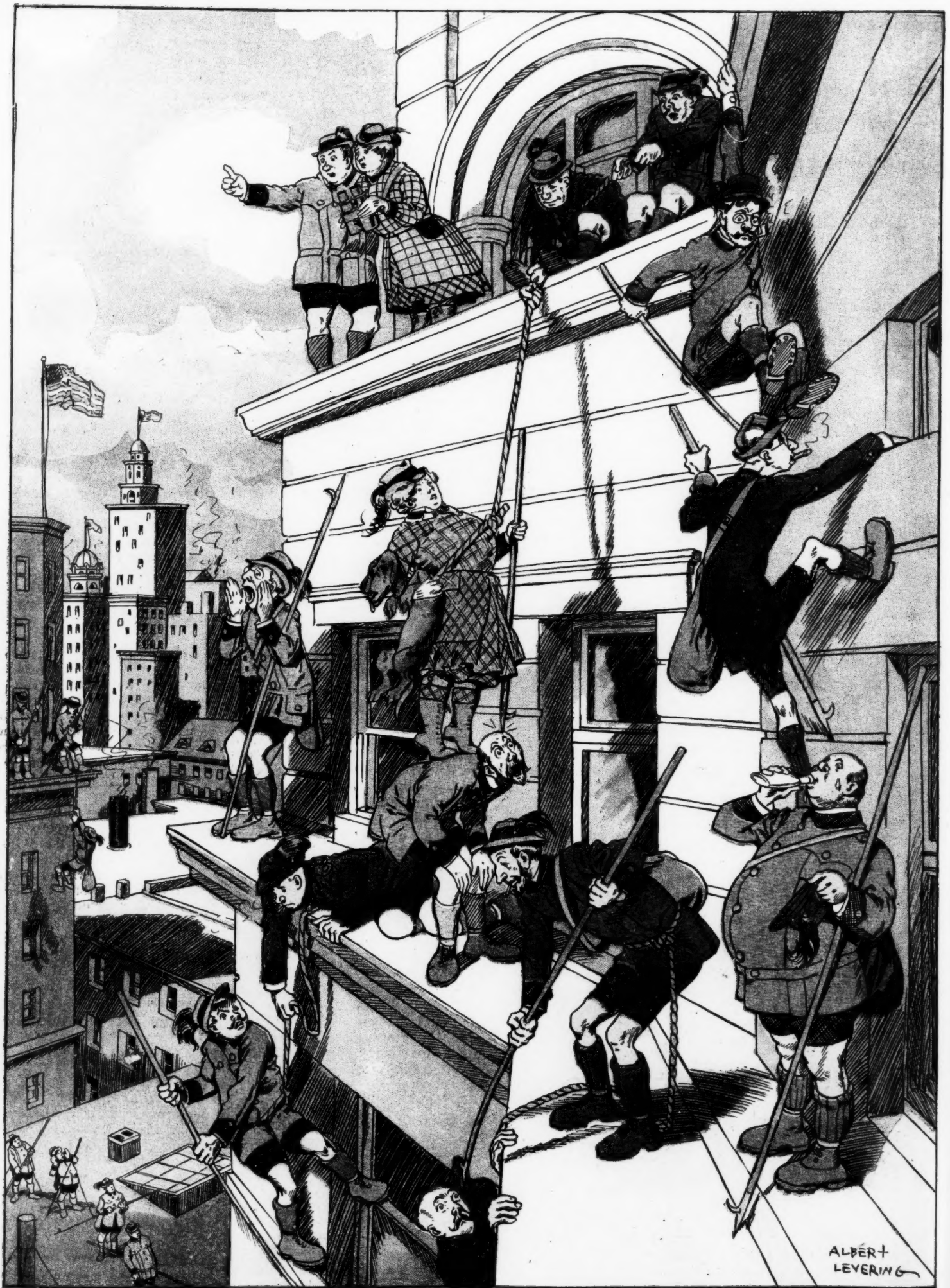
The above translation will be of interest to many of our readers, who are doubtless familiar with the published reports of the action taken by the French Government a little more than two years ago, whereby the monks of La Grande Chartreuse, who for three hundred years or more have distilled that well-known liqueur, were ruthlessly dismissed from the country, the Government confiscating their bottles, labels and trade marks, for the purpose of carrying on the manufacture of what it has been pleased to call "Chartreuse."

Unfortunately, however, neither the state official liquidator, nor the state itself, or anybody in the state, could obtain the mighty secret for the preparation of this "Nectar of the Gods" by any possible means and the authorities soon grew very tired of a fruitless effort to produce and sell a satisfactory imitation of the celebrated cordial, which accounts for the final disposal of the trade marks at public auction, as referred to by the "Paris Matin." According to reports published in later French papers, the Monks did not even offer to bid at the sale.

These trade marks, which give the purchaser the privilege of the use of the name "Chartreuse," and enable him, under protest of the original owners, to put up something which masquerades under the guise of the genuine article, were sold by the French Government at so ridiculously low a price as to afford all the evidence necessary (if any evidence were needed) of the fact that the trade marks themselves, without the great secret of manufacture, are practically worthless.

A continued use of the bottle and label by the purchaser, whoever he may be, does not by any means insure the contents as being genuine, or even remotely similar to the liqueur, which for centuries has given reputation and renown to the monks who make it.

Meanwhile the monks of the Grande Chartreuse having, perforce, bequeathed their bottles, labels and trade marks to France, immediately left their monastery among the rugged rocks of Grenoble and taking their secret with them, established themselves permanently at Tarragona, Spain, where they continue to make and to sell to all civilized nations, this most delectable essence of flowers, herbs, fruits and spices, to be known henceforth and forever as "Liqueur Peres Chartreux."



THE PUCK PRESS

WHY GO TO SWITZERLAND,

WHEN AN EQUALLY DANGEROUS AND MUCH LESS EXPENSIVE FORM OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING MAY BE HAD AT HOME?